

September 24, 1983, p. 4

at the time, and there were other people working nearby, but the noise level was such that John and I were having a very private conversation in the midst of a group of people. It was very beautiful indeed. It had all of the intensity of a conversation on a battlefield. At the conclusion of our five-minute conversation on the subject of John's feelings about not becoming a tool and die maker, John and I were both feeling very good and that was very special. Good friends helping each other through difficult moments or periods. One invariably feels

intensely "alive" at such moments. When we arrived at the plant, I was thinking that we would pay a 30-minute visit, but, as it turned out, we stayed for about 2 1/2 - 3 hrs. John was in a mood where he wanted to be surrounded by machines. He has said on more than one occasion that his father has told him that he will break both of his arms before he will allow John to work at Hendrick's, by which the father means that John is capable of more. During our visit, the "dinner bell" sounded and we went out to the parking lot where Connie and Kathy were waiting in the van with Jack's supper. We all visited while Jack ate. What an unusual experience it was. I was ready to leave when the dinner hour was over, but John suggested we go back in, and so in we went. I was introduced to Jack's teenage helper -- I can not recall the man's name at present but I must say that he is very strange. The man is suffering from some species of paranoia. Persecution against him and his parents and grandparents -- largely imaginary persecution I am quite sure. He speaks of "them" as the persecutors but will not identify his antecedent if asked. He compulsively reads trade magazines (mechanical engineering and metal working and popular science) and copies much of what he reads into his "journal." He writes whenever he gets a chance, all the while that he works. He is up to page 519 in his present opus: blue ballpoint pen on 5x10" paper with lines on it. Very carefully written. He has apparently written other things, including one "opus" that he sent off to some university. As I chatted with the man, he repeatedly said: "This is very complicated and is something that really should be looked into. I don't have the time, maybe you do." I finally came out and asked him "What is complicated" and he did not answer